

Oxford County Advertiser

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NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1884.

NO. 35.

POETRY.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Two Portraits.

BY MISS MORTIMER HODGKINS.
On the ancient walls of a castle gray,
Hang two olden portraits fair;
One a youth with raven tresses,
One a lass with golden hair.
Many a time have I gazed on them,
Since were fastened on the wall;
In that olden portrait of a youth,
I see the face of a noble knight,
In that olden portrait of a lass,
I see the face of a noble maid.
In an olden chest I found
Garnments which the youth wore
Only once in all his life-time,
Three score years ago, or more.
In a casket of silver white,
I found the lace which the maid wore,
In her days of spotless white,
When she danced the minuet.
On that old, eventful night,
Only waiting for her lover,
She lay in her bed of state,
Did she whisper, as she stood there,
In the pale moonlight of the moon,
Still she lives and still she watches
For her loved one, God be praised!
For her loved one, God be praised!
In that poor maid, weak and crazed,
Not much longer can she linger,
But she waits for him who waits,
Who at Heaven's Golden Gateway,
Waits for her to enter in.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

Camp Wreck.

"O mamma, I know where the huckleberries are just as thick as spatter in a pasture down by the shore," 'n' Phemie 'n' I are going to pick 'em to-morrow morning. We're going to pick 'n' pick till we get 'em all, 'n' I guess we shall have some money to pay our board with now. The man down to the hotel said he'd give me ten cents a quart for all I'd bring him," cried Will Selden, rushing into the house, one lovely summer night.
Mrs. Selden, who was an invalid, and had come into the country for her health, smiled rather sad. Before she was ill she had supported herself and the two children very comfortably. They had lived in prettily furnished rooms, in a pleasant city street, and, though she was now obliged to work hard, she was very happy and contented. As for Will, though he and Phemie had very good times, and were not wholly unacquainted with candy and toy shops, he was so anxious to grow up, and be the support of the family, instead of his mother, that he spent a great part of his time in measuring his height by a chalk mark on the wall, and insisted on standing while he ate at the table, because some teasing servant girl had assured him that he would grow faster if he did so.
When they left the city to take refuge in an old farm-house, miles away, in another state, all the means they took with them was what they had realized from the sale of their little stock of household goods. Mrs. Selden hoped that the fresh country air, blown from pine woods, and the salt sea, would restore her to health at once, that she might resume her work again. But months had passed, and she was still a sad invalid. Now her purse was very nearly empty, though Will was filled with dismal wonder how such a thing could be when he had made such successful sales of the clams he had dug, and had earned so much money picking strawberries in Deacon Prim's garden. Good Aunt Polly, the old lady with whom they boarded, was kindness itself, but she was poor also, and Mrs. Selden felt that it would be impossible for her to remain another month under her roof unless Providence should send them immediate aid in paying their way.

"Lor, don't you take on so, Miss Selden. I ain't one mite worried about my pay. For long as I have a shellyer you shall have one too. Ef we don't have no grates to eat, the old farm 'n' yield us something, 'n' I should be dreadful lonesome ter have you go," she had said that day, over and over again. Mrs. Selden felt more thankful to the kind old lady than she could say, but still she could not feel that it would be right to accept her charity.
"Mamma, I should n't wonder if we could pick as many as two bushels of huckleberries in two or three days," he proceeded, by way of consolation.
"Tim and I found the place when he went after the cows. It is more than a mile away, and Tim says nobody else knows about it, or the berries would have disappeared long ago. It's near the sea shore, but there's a little bit of woods between the pasture and the sea, and a swamp on two sides of it, so it has n't been found out, you know. We want to go early in the morning, and take our dinners, can we?"
Mrs. Selden was afraid it would not be safe for them to do so at first, the pasture was so far away, and in such a solitary place, but Tim, Aunt Polly's hired man reassured her.
"Very well," she said, "if you will promise to keep in the shade all you can and take a long rest now and then, you may go."

The morning dawned brightly, though there were little fringes of mist hanging from the hills. The children were up by five o'clock, and ran out into the door-yard to inspect the burdock, so as to be sure of the weather. Aunt Polly said it was fresh, and leaved stood up crisp and fresh, and held her head up in the middle of their broad green platters, it was sure to be fair for a long time, but if they dropped round the edges rain was near.
"Don't say anything," said Will to Phemie, "but I'm afraid Aunt Polly would n't think the burdock were all right, but if she does n't notice 'em I don't care, for the sky 's just as blue as it can be."

Aunt Polly did n't notice them, no one mentioned the possibility of rain, and less than an hour and a half later they were on the way to the berry pasture, driven in the farm wagon by Tim, who was going on an errand in that direction, and would take them as far as the lane.

The children were in high spirits. They laughed and shouted so that sober Tim was half frightened, and remonstrated with them after his own fashion.
"Now quit this noise, youngsters," said he. "There ain't no occasion for so much luffin, 'n' jest as sure as ye lafs fur nothin', ye'll cry afore the day 's out. I never knowed it to fail."

But his words were of no avail, and he was fairly glad to get rid of them, when they reached their destination.
"Now remember," said he, as they jumped gayly out of the wagon, "you can go back toward the hill, and forrard toward the sea, but there 's marshes on both sides o' the pasture, 'n' if you attempt to go across 'em you 'll get it pretty deep. They say one o' them bogs goes clear through to Chiny. I'll come after you about five o'clock. Don't stay away where I can't find ye."

foam. Poor little Phemie, half wild with terror, and wet to the skin, hurried on with what strength she could muster, and Will, holding her paternally by the hand, tried to cheer her on with encouraging and soothing words, though he was by no means in a calm state of mind himself.
But they finally reached the wreck unharmed save for a drenching, and stepped cautiously on board, and tried to open the cabin door. It was fastened tight.
"The sketchman isn't at home, I suppose," said Will knocking furiously. But there was no response. An awning was stretched out over the deck, but that was little protection from such a storm as this, and there was no little cubby hole to crawl into, anywhere.
"Perhaps I can get in at the window. It is closed but I guess I can open it," 'n' if I can, I can crawl through."

"Perhaps the one on the other side opens easier," suggested Phemie. "But awn't you 'fraid the sketchman will be angry, if he comes and finds us here? He might kill us," in a tragic whisper.
"If he'll kill us he can't get home when it's storming like this. He might be out on the water and get drowned. Anyway, I'm going to get in if I can. Might as well make him angry, as get blown out here. Sketchmen don't kill people."

He spoke with a great deal of confidence, but within his own quaking soul he wasn't so sure of this after all. After a few strong pulls the window was persuaded to open, and Will squeezed himself through without much difficulty, and then dragged Phemie after him, and then he closed the window again, and they found themselves in a safe, dry quarters, safe but for the possibility of the sketchman's return.
"Ho!" said Will, looking about him with a laugh of intense relief, "I know what a sketchman is now. I thought he was a sort o' pirate, 'n' he's only an artist. Tim called him sketchman 'cos he got out sketching things, I s'pose. See there! That's what they call an easel, and look at those pictures hanging upon the wall. Mamma sketches sometimes, you know."

Phemie dried her eyes, and became sufficiently composed to regard her surroundings with interest. It was a very cute little place, the cabin of the old wreck, and was fitted up quite luxuriously, with soft cushions, and curious hangings.
The floor of the room was the remains of a repast, and a cluster of fringed orchids in a glass, which seemed the place beautifully. Bright-colored sketches were pinned up on the wall everywhere, and even covered the ceiling. It was a dainty place enough to have been the abode of a lady, but far too disorderly. Paints and wearing apparel, dishes and pictures, bowls and pickle jars were mixed together in a most wonderful manner.

"It looks dreadful," said fastidious Phemie, "but I'm afraid the man will come home before we can get away. I do wish it would stop storming. It hasn't lightened for a good while now."

"Oh, dear," cried Will, "the berries will be spoiled by the rain, and the hotel man won't buy them at all. It is!"
But he never finished the sentence. Quick, heavy footsteps were sounding on the deck, and in another moment the key was turning in the lock, and in walked a tall, pleasant looking man, from whose rubber garments the water was dripping in a perfect shower. He started at sight of the children.
"Hallo!" he cried in a cheery voice, "who's been breaking into Camp Wreck? ev'il minded burglars, or a small fleet in distress? Entered by the window, I suppose."

"A small fleet in distress," Will answered quickly.
"The small fleet is welcome; but I must go and get my wet coat at once! Who ever experienced such a storm before? Why you are wet to the skin, children. We'll have a fire in the stove and get dry presently."

He soon returned, and lighted a brisk wood-fire in a tiny stove which occupied a space in one corner of the cabin.
"I was fortunate enough to have my rubber coat with me, or I should have been as wet as you are," he said.
"But how in the world did two such mites as you happen to stray along to this solitary place? It is seldom that I see the face of a human being in the vicinity of Camp Wreck. The summer boarders at the village congregated at the other end of the beach, and the townpeople are too busy to go rowing around this time of year."

Will rather resent being called a mite, but his distress at the probable fate of the berries took away all reserve and he told the whole story,—"his mother's illness, their poverty, and the berries they intended to sell to lighten her burden and pay Aunt Polly for their board."

"What brave little people," exclaimed the gentleman with admiring sympathy.
"But I'm afraid of lightning," piped Phemie, the tears still running down her cheeks, with the raindrops which dripped from her hair.
He started at the sound of her voice, and regarded the little stained, sun-burned face with deep interest.
"What is your name, dear? You remind me of a little sister of my own whom I haven't seen for years."

"Phemie Selden. My real name is Euphemia. I was named for my grandmother, but nobody calls me anything but Phemie."

The "sketchman" immediately commenced to betray symptoms of insanity. He uttered a loud, triumphant whistle; he tipped over his chair; he seized both frightened children in his arms, and hugged them until they were nearly breathless, and Will was coming to the conclusion that being out in a thunder-storm was preferable to being shut up with a madman, when he calmly informed them that he was their uncle.

"O, Uncle George," exclaimed Will delightedly. "Mamma told us that Uncle George taught her to paint pictures. She thought you must be dead, or you would write to her, or come to see her, or something."

"Thought I would write to her! How in the world was I to know her whereabouts? I've been searching for the past seven years. She got married, while I was away on a sea voyage, and when I returned, she had flitted away to Europe with her husband, and I could not obtain her address. Our mother had died the year before. We were the only children, and we had no relatives in the city. Then I went to Australia, and was gone four years, and ever since my return I have been wandering about in search of her. I have advertised in nearly every town in America, large and small. Two years ago I went abroad for no other purpose. There I heard that her husband was dead, and that she had been living in New York, but the person who gave me the information knew no more. To-morrow I was going to leave Camp Wreck, and fit away to Europe again. You see I am a lonely, restless fellow. I made more money when I was in Australia than I know what to do with, or rather, than I did know what to do with. I rather think we'll find a way to spend it now," patting Willie's curly head. "What a fortunate little it was that sent you to me!"

"O, how glad mamma will be," said both children in the same breath. "Let us hurry home and tell her now."

Even Phemie had forgotten the storm, which was crashing as wildly as ever. But they were obliged to wait some seven o'clock. Then it cleared off beautifully, a lovely rainbow looking at the ghost of the full moon. Uncle George went to the nearest farm-house and procured a horse and wagon, that he might drive them home.
"Tim said we should cry before night because we laughed so this morning," said Will in the course of the drive. "But I didn't cry at all. Phemie did a little, but in spite of the storm, it has been the very best day I ever knew in my life."

Just before they reached Aunt Polly's they met Tim driving old Dobbin almost on a gallop, his eyes wild, his face the picture of despair.
"So here ye be, youngsters, here ye be, safe 'n' sound," he cried, with a look of intense relief. "Ye mother 'n' Aunt Polly are both skeered to death about ye, 'n' here I've been funnin' 'n' backin' 'n' for'ard in search of ye ever sense four o'clock. Neither Dobbin nor me would 'a' held out much longer, so lucky ye've got along. I found the berries, 'n' though they wasn't buried much, the trees kinder pestered 'em and they look pooty fair."

Aunt Polly's household was a happy one that night. Mrs. Selden, with her new happiness and relief from care was quite another woman. She was able to sit up the whole evening, laughing and talking like her old self. And after that she improved very rapidly every day, until in a few weeks she pronounced herself quite well.

Uncle George deserted Camp Wreck the next day and took up his abode at the old farm-house with the rest. They lingered there until the frosty autumn weather, then returned to the city, where Uncle George bought a nice house, and they all live very happily together to this day. Every summer they visit good Aunt Polly, who has also seen more prosperous days since the children found their Uncle George and once, at least, during their stay at her house, they have a jolly picnic at Camp Wreck.—Baldwin's Magazine.

Camping at the Fair.
Camping at the State Fair has become a popular feature of the arrangements. All those who have tried it have been benefited of being able to sit up the ground at all times during their stay. The cost is trifling and all care, perplexity, and anxiety in regard to securing accommodations elsewhere is obviated. The novelty and change from the routine of the farm, of camping at the fair, is as well as the sea shore or on the mountains.

The enlargements of the grounds by the purchase of the grove just north of the former bounds, affords ample room for all who may come, and gives better camping ground than has been possible heretofore. Ground for tenting is furnished free. A camper's ticket will be sold for \$1.50 which will entitle the holder to access to the Park during the Fair. This ticket will not be sold to any others than actual campers.—Farmer.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Just Once.

BY CLARENCE DE VREE GREELLY.
The survival of Christianity does not depend upon an attack or defence of Mr. David. But my esteemed friend, Mr. Cary, in the last number of the ADVERTISER, assumed certain positions in theology, that I wish briefly to notice.

First: he desires theology to establish "something permanent to fasten to" in the Bible. Positive errors found in the Bible could afford no proof that it lacks an element which is divine. "The treasure is not lost if distinctly perceived to be held in earthen vessels." That the existence of the Old Testament on a lower plane than the New is consistent with the divine element, is apparent to anyone who grasps the fact of the progressive character of revelation. "First the law, then the prophets, then the fullness of the law in the New Testament combined, effected almost no doctrine at all, and set aside absolutely none, Prof. Dwight says this fact is universally acknowledged by all the great biblical scholars, destructive critics included.

To a candid mind this will occur as "something permanent to fasten to." Second: "What else has man to guide him than the senses?" will cover his remarks on philosophy. Christian philosophy teaches that man has reason. Mr. C. assumes that he must do so, or cease arguing. When you say man has reason or man has free will, you say the same thing. This is what makes man supernatural now, and if you say the germs of his reason existed long ago in the inorganic matter before animals were, why, an Adequate Reason was present to put those germs in there. Evolution demands the doctrine of Moses, "In the beginning, God."

Evolution is all right if you do not try to "smuggle in" materialism. But materialism is really abandoned in philosophical circles, and agnosticism occupies its room. Says Huxley, "The position that there is nothing in the universe but matter, force, and necessity is utterly devoid of justification." He utterly denies that Mr. C. should confuse the "freedom of the day to run at large" with the freedom of blasphemy or of praise that the martyr has in prison. Finally, he says, "I am glad to see some one attack Ingersoll, it shows courage, at least."

It seems to me Mr. C. should mention Herbert Spencer, or some other scholar of acknowledged reputation in philosophy, rather than the able orator, Col. Ingersoll, whose positions on theology have been annihilated, in the North American Review, by Prof. Fisher, of Yale.

Of course the above positions have long been familiar to Christians, but I state them again (if my friend will pardon the use of the term he applies to himself), for the benefit of the "ignorant masses," who will persist in the amusement, from generation to generation, of reading and knocking down men of straw.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

The Telegraph.

Among the most useful and important inventions of man is the telegraph. How important it is that after a telegraph line is once established it should be kept in running repair. Not only for the benefit of those sending over it, but also kept in repair so that human life may not be in danger. Perhaps this is not our business, but we shall speak of it nevertheless. The line running from Bryant's Pond to Andover is in a state of much needed repair. Many of the posts are broken and the wire hangs loosely within a few feet of the road; also at the crossings where the line crosses the road the posts are in an unsafe condition. We know of one place in particular on Ellis river, where the posts are broken either side of the road and are barely propped up by small stakes which will just clear the wire from a good load of hay. This place is in a hollow where two hills come down quite steep and if the prop should get knocked out the wire would drop down so that a person riding down the hill would, in nine cases out of ten, be caught by the wire and seriously, or fatally injured.

I would call the attention of those who have charge of the road that it needs repairing.

Origin of the Names in the Week.
In the Museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to Northern antiquities, they have the representations from the idols from which the names of the days of our week are derived. From the idol of the sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course around the world. The idol of the moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands.

Tuesday, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and represented in his garments of skin, according to their peculiar manner of clothing; the third day of the week was dedicated to his worship.

Wednesday, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the gods.

Thursday, from which comes Thursday, was a valiant prince among the gods.

Friday, from which comes Friday, was a valiant prince among the gods.

Saturday, from which comes Saturday, was a valiant prince among the gods.

Sunday, from which comes Sunday, was a valiant prince among the gods.

Monday, from which comes Monday, was a valiant prince among the gods.

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A Journey with the White Horse.

Hanover, Me., Aug. 1, 1884.

On our way to Hanover we met our correspondent in the hay field. He was "making" a load of hay, and it is here that we learn that he is a practical farmer, or the son of one at least. "Jim Keen's" articles in your agricultural column long ago led us to conclude that he knew what he was writing about.

Our first call in Hanover was at the post-office. We stopped here to get the one. It was sent by A. K. Knapp, esq., who has served his country the men and the nation for twenty seven years as post master of the place, except for a short period, when he was particularly served the treasury of the United States as a collector of internal revenue. Mr. K. gave us directions and invited us to visit his Museum Spring. This invitation we could not accept, however, as it was considered one of the best in this section. A limited amount of water power is furnished by Mill Brook, which takes its source from toward Pond. The water is used over five or six times during the day, and the first privilege is the Ches. Silver mill, which was bought last spring by Capt. Foster of Dixfield, the toothpick maker. He was to commence operations here in June, but somehow didn't. Geo. L. Smith makes dovetail rods and uses up a large amount of birch. G. & J. B. Roberts are manufacturers and dealers in furniture. They make everything in the furniture line except chairs and Indian fancy business. Their advertisement appears in your paper, and this is an indication of enterprise if nothing more. They have been in business several years. They do a variety of job work, and we guess give satisfaction both in work and price. Newly married folks who are to set up in householding should visit them. Geo. A. Virgin has charge of the saw and grist mill. It was here for the first time that we saw a riding on a mill log as it traveled with small pace past the ever busy saw. But also, the fun in it has now vanished! In this time improved machinery saw would cut up all the logs in the mill yard, and then the boss and all the hands could go fishing, or devote the rest of the season to catching and curing bugs as they liked. An "up and down saw" moves too slow for the present hurrying and dashing business, and it is reasonable to presume, has made some money. He manufactures carriages, harnesses, stockings, flannels, etc. Also does custom work, carding, spinning, cloth dressing and the like. He has a good mill well covered with lightning rods, and does not justly think much in politics, we can not say why he should not prosper even though he does not advise in your paper or read its columns.

O. F. Russell and A. K. Knapp have the general stores, and the former does a considerable business while the latter is trying to reduce his stock to a minimum and to devote his whole time to the service of his countrymen at the post office and duties just mentioned. David Knapp, esq., of your paper, has been one of your liquor trials. In the professional line Hanover is not great. It can boast of neither doctor, lawyer, meeting house or minister of the gospel. They have a very nice public building called Union Hall, which was built through the efforts of the ladies sewing circle. This is the only hall in town, and must be used for all purposes, even to skating rink, that has been reached. It is a good building, and we may add, that Hanover is only a short distance from Rumford Point, and the church going people usually attend worship at the Point. The Advertiser is represented here by Jesse B. Howe who will ever endeavor to report to you all the news.

We took the road on the west side of Ellis River for Andover. It is a most delightful drive. There are many good farms on the route. A good deal of grass remains to be cut. This is not a great place though many of the trees are well loaded with fruit yet orcharding does not seem to be the ambition of the farmers as it does in some sections of Oxford County especially in Fards and Hebron.

Andover village is practically at the end of the road. It is an enterprising place especially made so by summer company and fishermen. There are two hotels, French's and the Andover House, the latter is kept open during the year. It is from this house that the daily stage goes to the Lakes. The house and stage are owned by A. W. & F. P. Thomas. They are not brothers though the public usually take them to be—they married sisters however.

French's Hotel is owned by J. A. French and is a large and well appointed house. During the summer months it is usually well patronized. It is closed during the winter. There are several summer boarding houses here and the city people can be well accommodated here.

The pine grove, which added much to the beauty of the place, was badly used in the sale of last November. Nearly all of the pine were cut down. The pine on the church was twisted out of plumb in the gale and many chimneys were blown down. This village is sadly in need of shade trees and water. The latter article in many instances being wanted in barrels from some distance. There are a number of fine residences here and it is the home of several wealthy people.

We visited your correspondent, M. F. Corson, whose terms are read with interest by the people of this section. He had just returned from a fishing trip to Sawyer's River, having caught some severe trout. The river is plenty in the brook in this vicinity, and it is so stated. We did not try our hand at fishing, however much we desired to. We should judge that the brooks were beset with fishermen through the summer season.

The Lake trout has been lighter than usual this summer, but it is expected that the fishermen will flock here during the month of September. We met W. J. Wheeler, the South Paris post-master, at the hotel to-night. He is placing insurance and selling pianos and organs. He has sold two upright pianos to-day therefore he is in a happy frame of mind and does not object to talking politics a little. On the following morning we started on the road on the east side of Ellis River for Rumford Point, twelve miles distant. We could see something of the speed of our mode of travel, low head, and horses but for fear that some might think the horse was for sale, we will dismiss the subject by simply stating the price—a dollar a year for each year the horse has lived. Who can afford to buy her at that price?

Many cattle were killed by lightning Friday in N. H.

The Institute Fair.

Items of Interest Concerning the Fourth Annual Exposition.

With that indomitable energy and enterprise which has always characterized the managers of the New England Manufacturing and Mechanical Institute, a thorough canvass has been made of the United States and Mexico, and the result is especially gratifying to all who are interested in the development of New England and her honored institutions. With one record of the entire South and West have responded to the invitation of the Institute, and the choicest genius of art, the greatest achievements of scientific research, the triumphs of ingenious mechanical skill and the agricultural and mineral wealth of the land are accumulating in one grand exposition for the purpose of instruction of those who visit the Institute Fair. The wonders of Mexico, that land of wild romance, will for the first time be unfolded to Northern eyes; and these exhibits, while only a fraction of this mammoth exposition, will be viewed with mingled feelings of wonder, surprise and delight. Among them are 170 specimens of ores from states of Queretaro, Hidalgo, Guerrero, Michoacan, Mexico, Durango, Jalisco, Zacatecas, Vera Cruz, Puebla, Chihuahua and Sonora; 104 varieties of birds, principally from Michoacan and Vera Cruz; 20 varieties of fruits from Oaxaca and Cordoba, culled by a native Mexican; fibres, raw and manufactured, from San Luis Potosi; leather of excellent quality and finish from Guadalupe, and over 350 styles of pottery from the same place; jellies, line except chairs and Indian fancy business. Their advertisement appears in your paper, and this is an indication of enterprise if nothing more. They have been in business several years. They do a variety of job work, and we guess give satisfaction both in work and price. Newly married folks who are to set up in householding should visit them. Geo. A. Virgin has charge of the saw and grist mill. It was here for the first time that we saw a riding on a mill log as it traveled with small pace past the ever busy saw. But also, the fun in it has now vanished! In this time improved machinery saw would cut up all the logs in the mill yard, and then the boss and all the hands could go fishing, or devote the rest of the season to catching and curing bugs as they liked. An "up and down saw" moves too slow for the present hurrying and dashing business, and it is reasonable to presume, has made some money. He manufactures carriages, harnesses, stockings, flannels, etc. Also does custom work, carding, spinning, cloth dressing and the like. He has a good mill well covered with lightning rods, and does not justly think much in politics, we can not say why he should not prosper even though he does not advise in your paper or read its columns.

A Mexican adobe house 135 feet long and 180 feet wide, with a second patio in the rear, erected by the present owner, is being exhibited in the building, and furnished in Mexican style, and adorned with furniture, flowers, etc. A good deal of business is done here. S. W. Holt deals in coffins and caskets, and does the undertaking business. J. D. & W. B. Russell are farmers and deal in leather. Isaac Barnall's woolen mill employs more hands than any other industry here. Mr. B. came from Lewiston here some years ago and has built up a good business, and it is reasonable to presume, has made some money. He manufactures carriages, harnesses, stockings, flannels, etc. Also does custom work, carding, spinning, cloth dressing and the like. He has a good mill well covered with lightning rods, and does not justly think much in politics, we can not say why he should not prosper even though he does not advise in your paper or read its columns.

O. F. Russell and A. K. Knapp have the general stores, and the former does a considerable business while the latter is trying to reduce his stock to a minimum and to devote his whole time to the service of his countrymen at the post office and duties just mentioned. David Knapp, esq., of your paper, has been one of your liquor trials. In the professional line Hanover is not great. It can boast of neither doctor, lawyer, meeting house or minister of the gospel. They have a very nice public building called Union Hall, which was built through the efforts of the ladies sewing circle. This is the only hall in town, and must be used for all purposes, even to skating rink, that has been reached. It is a good building, and we may add, that Hanover is only a short distance from Rumford Point, and the church going people usually attend worship at the Point. The Advertiser is represented here by Jesse B. Howe who will ever endeavor to report to you all the news.

Botanical Wafer Lozenges!

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